

# THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

## OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

VOL. 1.

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The Southern Enterprise,  
A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

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### Original Poetry.

For the Southern Enterprise.  
To a Friend.

BY OLA STA.

Unconscious SLEER and tameless soaring Thought,  
Ghastliest Woe, and wine-flushed Revelry,  
And holy Prayer and bloody-handed Crime:  
These are Night's children—yet I love the Night,  
I love in her still hour to open wide  
The book of Memory, tho' its pages oft  
Are darkened by the hand of dusty Care  
And shadowed by the ebon wing of Grief;  
For here and there amid its folded leaves  
The bright sweet hours I have spent with thee,  
Peep forth like little stars of joy, my friend.  
When Sleep my soul a captive holds I dream  
That thou art near to cheer my loneliness;  
I dream upon my flushed and fevered brow  
Thy gentle hand lies lovingly and cool—  
And I am comforted. Methinks thy voice,  
Whose tone is my life's music, murmurs low  
A love word in mine ear;  
And thy bright face with all its loving beauty  
Bends kindly o'er me, and thy nameless eyes  
Look on me with a pitying tender gaze—  
And I am blest.

Ah! there were few to love me,  
When thy dear voice first woke within my heart  
A thrill which none may ever wake again.  
Since then I've won and lost full many a friend—  
Or many who have borne the empty name—  
But thou art faithful! There were few to bless me  
When thou didst twine the tendrils of thy love  
About my lone heart, even as the ivy  
Clings to its broken turret tenderly.  
Since then I've broken full many a painful lesson:  
I've learned that there is not  
A bed of roses on this blooming earth,  
Where iron-handed envious Cruelty  
Hath not a thorn to plant!—and there are those  
Who dare to trample on a human soul,  
And lay a tyrant's galling fetters there—  
Hushing the music of that harp which God  
Hath tuned to love with his own loving hand!  
I've learned that hearts can change and lips can  
lie!  
And words are naught, and Constancy a word,  
I've learned that Falshood walks this lovely earth  
A gorgon-visaged monster! But, sweet friend,  
Thou on the altar of whose guileless heart  
Faith, Hope and Love kindle the sacred flame!  
Oh! thou from out the shadow of whose eyes  
Looketh a spirit strong, and wild, and free,  
And full of gladness—yet so beautiful,  
And good and truthful—I have learned that thou  
Art faithful still!

Greenville, October 17th, 1854.

### A Beautiful Story.

Translated from the German for the Southern Enterprise.

The Bellows-Mender of Lyon.

BY G. H.

My native place is a small hamlet near  
Montellimar, in southern France. My father  
was an intelligent but poor man, who never  
lost an opportunity to win the smiles of the  
fickle goddess Fortune, but despite all his  
endeavors to free himself of poverty could  
never succeed in this. In his old age he  
made a sorrowful living by the manufacture  
and mending of bellows, having learned the  
trade in his youth. This was the vocation  
to which I was dedicated. Kind nature had  
given me sagacity and quick comprehension,  
and being well endowed in body and mind,  
was soon master of my craft. Having some  
ambition, I searched for an enlarged sphere  
of action, for my industry in Lyon had met  
there with such success that before long, be-  
ing the favorite of all chamber-waives and  
cooks—my principal employers, in whose  
hearts my youth and handsome face awak-  
ened a lively interest, I never was out of em-  
ployment.

I had lived already two years in Lyon,  
when one evening, having finished my work,  
and going home, I saw well-dressed young men  
pass me and made some bantering re-  
marks upon my trade. I possessed some wit,  
and with good-natured jest and hu-  
mor, I replied to their raillery, which appeared to sur-  
prise and offend them. I saw them exchange

significant glances with each other, and  
heard one of them whisper to the rest: "This  
is the man we are in need of." These words  
at first terrified me, but my fears were soon  
allayed, when one of the four men spoke to  
me as follows: "My friend, you shall eat  
supper with us to-night; we have a plan on  
hand which will benefit you very much. In  
case should you not like it, you will never  
on that account receive the least injury from  
us, provided you always keep our secrets,  
therefore don't be afraid to come with us!"  
They, appearing to me to be honorable and  
intelligent persons, I immediately accepted  
their offer, and went with them. The four  
young men led me through a number of  
lanes and streets to a distant part of the city,  
and having arrived at last in front of a fine  
looking house we soon found ourselves in a  
large room, occupied already by six other  
young men who seemed to have awaited the  
arrival of my companions with impatience.

Some explanations having passed between  
them, we all sat down to supper. Young,  
frivolous, jovial and careless, as I was, the  
social disposition of the company made me  
lively, amusing, and entertaining to every  
body. Gradually one after the other became  
serious and thoughtful, whilst one of them  
got up, addressing me as follows: "My  
friend, these ten persons, whom you have en-  
countered to-night are all engravers and paint-  
ers, citizens of Lyon, and every one opulent  
through the practice of their art. We are  
friends, and formed a happy society to the  
very moment when love excited discord  
among us. In the street St. Dominique, lives  
a dealer in pictures, very much respected on  
account of his wealth, otherwise quite an or-  
dinary person, but with whom we are con-  
nected by virtue of our profession. This gen-  
tleman has a daughter, a wonderfully fine,  
charming girl, endowed with all those at-  
tractions which will enslave the heart of man,  
but she has one fault, that obscures her ex-  
cellent qualities, and that is a boundless pride  
and arrogance, in proof of which I need only  
confess to you, that with the knowledge and  
consent of her father, who in me appreciated  
only the wealth I possess, I solicited her hand  
and hand, but the proud beauty replied to  
me in the most insulting manner, 'Monsieur,  
do you flatter yourself for a moment that I  
will stoop so low as to become the wife of an  
engraver!' In short, all of us here ex-  
perienced her pride and admired her beauty,  
but we are now determined to avenge our-  
selves on this haughty girl, and in so doing,  
prove to her that it is even beyond her power  
to become the wife of an engraver. I there-  
fore, young man, put the question to you,  
Will you become the husband of a beautiful  
woman, to whose perfection nothing is want-  
ing, except her pride be humbled and her  
vanity be broken?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'll dare it," overcome  
by the excitement of the moment. "I com-  
prehend what you want me to do, and tak-  
ing all the pains in my power, you never  
will have occasion to blush for my pupil."  
The next three months after this strange oc-  
currence, were entirely devoted to the prepara-  
tion of that role, in which I was to play  
such a conspicuous part. With reiterated  
promises of inviolable secrecy, my allies paid  
the greatest attention to transform me, a  
simple bellows-mender, into a handsome,  
dashing young nobleman. A fine, well  
selected, fashionable wardrobe, the artistical  
efforts of a hair-dresser and other prepara-  
tions, gave me quite a degree of refinement.  
Some teachers attended to my education,  
and during the evening hours of each day,  
I was alternately visited by my allies, who en-  
deavored to instruct me in music, drawing,  
dancing and other fashionable accomplish-  
ments. My natural talents, with the desire  
to learn, and a retentive memory, ensured  
their endeavors such success, that my friends  
were lost in astonishment at my rapid pro-  
gress. I was anxious to appropriate the ru-  
diments of a good education as soon as pos-  
sible, and could scarcely await the time to  
enter on my undertaking; but the time was  
yet to come in which I was to see the whole  
affair in its true light. X

My friends, judging me at last sufficiently  
advanced, and equal to the task, introduced  
me into the first society of Lyon, under the  
name and title of Marquis de Renneport, the  
owner of extensive estates in the Dauphine.  
Under this title I introduced myself to the  
dealers in pictures in the street St. Domini-  
que—bought some of his paintings, with the  
promise of future enlarged purchases. Har-

ing now, familiar and frequent intercourse  
with him, he early one morning sent me  
word, that, receiving lately a valuable col-  
lection of paintings and mezzotints from Rome  
would feel highly honored by my calling on  
him, to inspect them. This invitation I  
eagerly accepted, and was received, not by  
Monsieur CLERMONT, but by his beautiful  
daughter CECILY. I saw that lovely girl  
for the first time in my life, and for the first  
time, also, experienced the power of beauty.  
A new world opened to my eyes—I forgot  
totally my prescribed role, and fell deeply,  
irrevocably in love with her; that feeling  
alone occupying my heart—the whole faculty  
of my mind concentrating in that one  
idea. Cecily perceived her triumph, and ap-  
peared to listen with pleasure to the uncon-  
nected expressions and confession of my  
love, that stammeringly escaped my lips.—  
This occurrence sealed my destiny for ever—  
the felicity I felt in her society, forced me  
onward, and made me blind to all conse-  
quences. For months I visited, and spoke  
with Cecily every day, and enjoyed an in-  
describable happiness, that was only distur-  
bed by remorseful feelings and self-accusation  
during my lonely hours—which were only  
extinguished by the necessity of my calling  
occasionally upon my employers for money,  
jewelry, and other requisites.

Finally, the father of my Cecily gave at  
his country seat a family party in my hon-  
or, and seizing such a glorious opportunity,  
forgetting all but my love for his daughter,  
threw myself at Cecily's feet, a suitor for  
her heart and hand. She listened to me  
with modest dignity, while a tear of joy  
trembled in her brilliant dark eye, shading  
its lustre, and proving to me beyond a doubt,  
that her heart was not ruled by pride alone  
and that I was beloved by her—as she alone  
could love. True, I was a cheat, but heaven  
is my witness, that in deceiving my charming  
Cecily I suffered the greatest pangs of con-  
science. In her society, I thought only of  
her, but in the quiet hours and solitude of  
night, disappeared all that sophistry and  
passion, opening a terrible future before my  
enchanted gaze. Again, when I thought of  
Cecily and the miserable lot that fell to her,  
picturing to myself her delicate taper-fingers  
preparing our coarse meals, and scouring a  
wretched dirty hut, I trembled with horror,  
and sprang, in cold sweat, from my bed; but  
vanity and self-love came to my aid, and I  
imagined that, loving me really, she might  
still be happy. I vowed, therefore, to de-  
dicate all my energies in the endeavor to stre-  
w her path through life with flowers. Cecily's  
father put unlimited confidence in me, and  
believed every word about my estates in the  
Dauphine, a distant province in France,  
particularly as I insisted that the dowry of  
his daughter should be placed under her sole  
control. I was free, therefore, from the re-  
proach of having robbed her. We were  
married, and humanly as it may seem, I  
could not help weeping at that solemn oc-  
casion, the last sign of my departing virtue;  
the crowd ascribing my emotion to strong  
sensitivity.

About a fortnight after our marriage we  
left for Montellimar, according to agreement  
between me and my employers, in whose  
unconditional power I was. My poor wife  
believing us all the time hastening towards  
the estates and castles of my ancestors, some  
of the engravers and painters accompanying  
us in the guise of foot-men, post-boys, grooms  
and couriers of our splendid equipage. The  
moment of inevitable discovery came at last,  
so anxiously feared by me, and proved to be  
far more formidable than I ever imagined.  
Arrived in my native place, my companions  
ordered our grand carriage to be driven be-  
fore the entrance of the miserable hut where-  
in my poor but respected father resided, he  
setting before the door, occupied in repairing  
sundry old bellows. Now came that terri-  
ble discovery: the carriage stopped, and  
helping out my poor, deluded, surprised Cecily,  
all my employers immediately formed a  
circle round us, took off their disguises, and  
the man she had refused to marry, now acting  
as spokesman of the party, addressed  
her in the following strain: "Madam, you  
certainly were right in saying that your birth  
and education entitled you to higher views  
than to marry an engraver; indeed I think  
such would have been too much honor for  
you; we decided, therefore, a Bellows-Men-  
der, in every respect competent to become  
your future husband, and such you behold  
in him that is now before you."

Trembling with rage, I was at the point of  
answering them in a forcible manner, when  
my late employers wittily jumping into the  
carriage drove off, with them also vanishing  
my wealth and greatness, like the changing  
scenes of a theatre.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### Miscellaneous.

Twenty-six Hours on a Raft.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

PETER McCABE of Ireland, who was re-  
scued from the raft and brought to New York,  
publishes a letter, in which, after stating that  
he remained on the Arctic until the water  
reached the main deck, and the vessel com-  
menced sinking, says:

I left the door, and got upon the raft,  
which had been partially constructed from  
the spars we took from the vessel. A great  
many persons were trying to get on the raft.  
Some were clinging to it with one hand,  
and although it was already crowded, others  
were striving to get a foothold. Among  
the number who were upon it I saw four la-  
dies. Their names I did not know. Alto-  
gether, there were seventy-six persons on the  
raft. The sea, though not strong, was rough  
and the waves, as they washed over it, wash-  
ed away a portion of its living freight. I  
shall never forget the awful scene. There  
we were, in the midst of the ocean, without  
the slightest hope of assistance, while every  
minute one or more of our unfortunate fel-  
low passengers were dropping into their wa-  
tery grave from sheer exhaustion. Those  
who had life-preservers did not sink, but  
floated with their ghastly faces upward, re-  
minding those who still remained alive of the  
fate that awaited them.

In the midst of all this, thank Heaven! I  
never lost hope, but retained my courage to  
the last. One by one I saw my unfortunate  
companions drop off; some of them floated,  
and were eaten and gnawed by fishes, while  
others were washed under the raft, and re-  
mained with me till I was rescued. I could  
see their faces in the openings as they were  
swayed to and fro by the waves, which  
threatened every moment to wash me off.—  
The raft at one time was so crowded that  
many had to hold on by one hand.—  
Very few words were spoken by any, and  
the only sound that we heard was the splash  
of the waters or the heavy breathing of the  
poor sufferers as they tried to recover their  
breath after a wave had passed over them.—  
Nearly all were submerged to their arm pits,  
while a few could with great difficulty keep  
their heads over the surface. The women  
were the first to go. They were unable to  
stand the exposure more than three or four  
hours. They all fell off the raft without a  
word, except one poor girl, who cried out in  
intense agony, "Oh, my poor mother and  
sisters!"

When I was about eighteen hours on the  
raft, there were not more than three or four  
left. One of these gave me what appeared  
to be a small map, but which I understood  
him to say was a sort of title deed to his  
property. In a few moments after I took  
it, he too, unloosed his hold, and was added  
to the number that floated about the raft.  
I endeavored to get the paper into my  
pocket, but found this impossible, on account  
of my cramped position, so I placed it be-  
tween my teeth, and held it there till I was  
overwhelmed by a wave, when I lost my  
hold of it, and it was washed away. Another  
who had an oiled silk coat on, called on  
me, for Heaven's sake, to assist him, as his  
strength was rapidly falling, and he must  
fall if not relieved. As he was about four  
or five feet from me it was difficult to reach him;  
but after considerable exertions, I succeeded  
in doing so, and helped him with one of my  
knees until I became quite faint, when I  
was obliged to leave him to fate. Poor fellow!  
he promised me, if he ever got to New York  
alive, he would reward me well. He clung  
with terrible tenacity to life; but he, too,  
dropped off in his turn.

I was now left alone on the raft: not a  
solitary being was alive out of seventy; but  
still my hope continued strong. The night  
of the second day was about closing on me,  
and during the whole time I had been in the  
water I had not eaten a particle of anything  
or drunk a drop. My strength, I found was  
beginning to give way, and my sight had be-  
come so dim that I could not perceive ob-  
jects a few feet off; even the ghastly face  
of the dead that looked up at me from under  
the raft, were hardly discernible. I deter-  
mined on making one more effort for life; I  
raised myself on my knees upon the raft,  
and though the dusk of the evening I saw,  
or thought I saw a vessel. My strength  
seemed to revive, and in a few minutes I heard  
the voices of persons in a boat approaching.  
Ten minutes more, and I, too, would have  
gone; but Providence had mercy on me,  
and after twenty-six hours' exposure, I was,  
by its mercy, preserved from a watery grave.

Mr. McCabe is lying in a low condition in  
New York, and seems at times partially de-  
ranged. Since taken from the raft, his  
captions have taken place on his limbs,  
which, as well as his hands and eyes, are

very much swollen—from the effects, as is  
supposed, of being immersed in the water so  
long.

### The Winter of the Heart.

Let it never come upon you to live so that  
good angels may protect you from this terri-  
ble evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the foun-  
dations of sympathy and happiness in its  
depths; no cold burthen settle over its with-  
ered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers;  
no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek  
through its desolate chambers.

Your life-path may lead you amid trials,  
which for a time seem utterly to impede  
your progress and shut out the very light of  
heaven from your anxious gaze.

Penury may take the place of ease and  
plenty; your luxurious home may be ex-  
changed for a single, lowly room—the soft  
couch for the straw pallet—the rich viands  
for the coarse food of the poor. Summer  
friends may forsake you, and the un pitying  
world pass you by with scarcely a look or  
word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steady-  
ly on, to earn a livelihood; you may en-  
counter fraud and the base avarice which  
would extort the last farthing, till you well  
nigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind  
you to earth, and leave you in fearful dark-  
ness. That noble, manly boy, the sole hope  
of your declining years, may be taken from  
you, while your spirit clings to him with a  
wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the  
tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all these sorrows, do not come  
to the conclusion that nobody was ever so  
deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon  
every sweet anticipation of "better days" in  
the unknown future.

Do not lose your faith in human excel-  
lence, because your confidence has sometimes  
been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is  
only a delusion, and love a bright phantom  
which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think that you are fated to be mis-  
erable because you are disappointed in your  
expectations, and baffled in your pursuits.  
Do not declare that God has forsaken you,  
when your way is hedged about with thorns,  
or repine sinfully, when he calls your dear  
ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in heaven through every  
trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and  
look upward in hours of temptation and suf-  
fering. When your locks are white, your  
eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when your  
steps falter on the verge of Death's gloomy  
vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy  
of spirit which will shield you from the win-  
ter of the heart.—*Olive Branch.*

### Work! Work!

I have seen and heard of people who  
thought it beneath them to work, to employ  
themselves industriously at some useful labor.  
Beneath them to work! Why work is the  
great motto of life; and he who accomplishes  
the most by his industry, is the most distin-  
guished man among his duty to himself, his  
fellow creatures, and his God—who so far  
forgets the great blessings of life, as to allow  
his energies to stagnate in inactivity and  
uselessness, had better die: for says Holy  
Writ, "He that will not work, neither shall  
he eat." An idler is a cumberer of the  
ground, a weary curse to himself, as well as  
to those around him.

Beneath human beings to work! Why,  
what but the continued history that brings  
forth the improvement that never allows him  
to be contented with any attainment he may  
have made, of work that he may have ef-  
fected, what but this raises man above the brute  
creation, and, under Providence, surrounds  
him with comforts, luxuries and refinements;  
physical, moral, and intellectual blessings?  
The great orator, the great poet, and the great  
scholar, are great working men. Their voca-  
tion is infinitely more laborious than that of  
the handiworkman; and the student's life has  
more anxiety than that of any other man.  
And all, without the perseverance, the in-  
tention to real industry, cannot thrive.  
Hence the number of mere pretensions to  
scholarship, or those who have not strength  
and industry to be real scholars, but stop half  
way, and are amatterers, a shame to the pro-  
fession.

Beneath human beings to work! Look  
in the artist's studio, the poet's garret, where  
the genius of immortality stands ready to  
seal his work with an uneffaceable signet,  
and then you will only see industry stand  
by his side.

Beneath human beings to work! Why,  
I had rather that a child of mine should la-  
bor regularly at the lowest, meanest employ-  
ment, than to waste its body, mind and soul,  
in folly, idleness, and uselessness. Better to  
wear out in a year, than to rust out in a cen-  
tury.

Beneath human beings to work! Why  
what but work has tilled our fields, clothed  
our bodies, built our houses, raised our minds  
and souls! "Work out your own salvation,"  
says the inspired Apostle to the Gentiles.

The man who neglects himself is sure in  
time to be neglected by others.

### The Working-Man.

Agriculture and the Professions.

When young men are about completing  
their education, they very wisely ask them-  
selves what they shall do. A few, scanning  
the various pursuits, luckily hit on something  
in harmony with their tastes, while the great-  
er part look to the professions as the  
legitimate sphere of educated men. Now  
this conclusion is all wrong. A college edu-  
cation aims at a professional life no more than  
any other, but only at a general discipline  
and culture of mind, which may be applied  
to all pursuits. There are, no doubt, some  
in each class, who are adapted to and will  
honor any of the professions; but the great-  
er part are not, and they enter them rather  
because they are honorable than in hopes of  
honoring them. But we have little sym-  
pathy with those luminaries which seek to shine  
by a reflected light. We have been taught  
to believe that the man should honor his of-  
fice, not the office the man; and that it is bet-  
ter to move at the head of even an humble  
calling, than follow in the rear of a dignified  
profession. We would rather raise potatoes  
which somebody will eat than make speeches  
which no one will hear, or write books  
which no one will read.

But if these young gentlemen will care-  
fully look around, they will perhaps find  
other avenues to wealth and distinction, be-  
sides the professions. Take for instance,  
agriculture—not simply the art of plowing  
the ground, but agriculture viewed in all its  
practical and scientific bearings, and they  
will possibly find scope for the display of at  
least moderate capacities. Indeed, if we  
mistake not, some enter the professions, who  
would not find a waste of talent in agricul-  
tural pursuits, and who are certainly quite  
as well suited to them. But so many young  
men are captivated with the idea of profes-  
sional or political titles and life, that they over-  
look what they call the humbler avocations.

So away they go, talking of Robert Halls and  
Daniel Websters, between whom and them-  
selves there is no more comparison than be-  
tween the Alps and an ant-hill. We would  
not be thought to underrate the professions  
by any means; but we believe strongly in  
an adaption, a fitness for things. If a man  
has not a natural capacity for one pursuit,  
let him take up another for which he has  
a natural capacity. Better handle the plow  
with grace, than make a stupid argument.

Nor yet does this avocation preclude access  
to political distinction, to which so many  
aspire. We know some farmers who stand  
as good a chance for office as many of their  
professional brethren, and who are as well  
able to flourish as delicate a hand, or quid-  
dle as accurately, or talk as homely; but  
in good sense and sound judgement, the es-  
sential elements of a man—they are by no  
means inferior. We always like to see such  
men, good honest souls!—who lean not on  
the dignity of their professions, but them-  
selves. Such men are at once the strength  
and pride of the country.

Let not young men, therefore, think a  
profession the "sine qua non" of human  
greatness, but let them cast about and see  
what they are fitted and have a taste for.—  
They will go to work thoroughly and earn-  
estly and be sure to succeed, while on the  
other hand, they will most surely fail.—  
*American Agriculturist.*

YOUNG AMERICA.—More than two mil-  
lion boys in the United States are now at-  
tending the various institutions of learning  
in this country. This is indeed a formidable  
army, and it may safely be affirmed that the  
future politics and policy of this nation will  
very soon depend upon the political views,  
entertained by those now at school. These  
boys will soon be voters, and share in giving  
directions to the vast interests involved in our  
elections. It may therefore be of interest to  
all who watch the 'signs of the times' to ask,  
under what influence and agencies the young  
Americans are subjected. What is the gen-  
eral tone of sentiments among them? What  
books do they read? What is the charac-  
ter of the popular literature of the times?—  
These are questions of deep import, and of  
our view, the future is full of promise, for we  
have no doubt that the 'All Hail Hereafter'  
will prove that noble aims and generous  
ideas will be felt in society to a greater ex-  
tent than heretofore. Society in America  
now feels the impulse from our material pros-  
perity, and the day is not far distant when a  
powerful direction will be given to the  
thought and moral power of the people from  
the hands of those now classed in the census  
as 'youth at school.' The young America of  
the school rooms will soon be of age, and  
speak for itself.

BEAUTIFUL is the love, and sweet the kiss  
of a sister; but if you haven't a sister handy,  
try your cousin—it isn't much worse.

MAN is a curiosity—the less use he has  
for money the more he worships it. Mice  
are always folks of very small stomachs and  
no kin people.

What will you leave me in your will?  
I said a lady to an Irishman. He very easily  
answered, "The wide world, my dear."